

EXTRA WE'RE DOWN.

Our Cripples Have to Yield
to Smoky City Ball-
Tossers.

BUT THEY MADE 'EM FIGHT

George Gore's Good Right Hand a Ter-
ror to Centre Field Flyers.

THE FOG MAKES A MISCHIEF.

New York 2
Pittsburg 3

St. George, S. I., May 18.—A rather forcible
but not very cool wind swept across the St.
George grounds this afternoon when the Giants
and Pittsburg met to play their second game
of the season.

The sky, too, was not wholly free from clouds
and the air had a sort of rainy scent in it which
made the cane-dressed part of the crowd wish
they had carried umbrellas for protection dur-
ing the homeward journey.

TITOOMB MAY GO TO TORONTO.
Titoomb is wearing out the ten days notice
made him for the balance of the season.

IT TITOMB CAN SECURE A WAIVER FROM ALL THE
League clubs, it is more than likely that he will
play in Toronto.

Manager Cushman, of that Club, has been in
town for two days talking terms to the ex-New-
Yorker, and while nothing definite has been
decided upon, it is understood that the two are
agreed upon the salary question.

This settles the rumor that Titoomb would
sign with Detroit.

Poster is also considering several offers, but
has determined upon accepting none as yet.

SUNDAY'S ANNOUNCEMENT.
People entering the grounds were presented
with a circular which informed the reader that
William E. Sunday, of the Pittsburg, would
address a young men's meeting in Association
Hall, corner of Twenty-third street and Fourth
avenue, at 3.30 o'clock Sunday afternoon next.

All young men cordially invited to attend.

THE SATURDAY CROWD.
Saturday brought its usual large crowd to the
ball game—that is, large compared with the
average attendance this year, but hardly com-
parable to the attendance which marked the
Polo Grounds on a Saturday.

The charming Mickey Welch was one of the
O'Rourke nights presented to the spectators this
afternoon.

Mickey put on his uniform to-day for the first
time since the Club's return home, and provid-
ing his shoulder allowed it the little fellow was
expected to do the twirling act for his Club.

THE GIANT CRIPPLES.
Keefe's arm is still in a bad way, and Ewing's
back refuses to overcome its lameness.

"Take it all together," said Manager Mutrie,
"and I don't think I ever had so many sick men
on the list before since I've been in the busi-
ness."

The fact that the boys are winning games,
although so badly crippled, certainly gives
hopes of many future victories when all are
again.

DANNY RICHARDSON LAID UP.
Richardson's injury, received yesterday while
attempting to stop a hot grounder, prevented
his playing to-day.

Ward, therefore, was placed at second and
Hatfield played short.

Titoomb was called upon to do the work of
extra man.

Play was called in the presence of 6,000
people.

The batting order:

NEW YORK. PITTSBURG.
Gore, 1. f. Sunday, 1. f.
Tanner, 2. f. Hanlon, 2. f.
Ward, 3. d. Beckley, 3. d.
Connor, 1. b. Hall, 1. b.
Brown, 4. c. Miller, 4. c.
Hatfield, 5. s. Dunlap, 5. s.
O'Rourke, 6. p. Kuehne, 6. p.
Whitney, 7. d. Smith, 7. d.
Titoomb, 8. p. Staley, 8. p.
Umpire—Mr. Lynch.

The customary greetings of welcome were ac-
corded the Giants as they went to the bat first.

They distinguished themselves, however, only
by laying a goose-egg.

Gore sent a hot grounder to Smith, who
fielded the ball to first in
pretty style.

Tanner and Hatfield
received each a present
of one bag.

Not satisfied with this,
greedy Tanner stole
second, but neither ad-
vanced further towards
the goal, as Roger Con-
nor whanged a daisy fly
into Maul's maulers.

Brown only sum-
mered second-strength
enough to hit to Pitcher
Staley, who promptly
batted the aspirants.

Then the Giants sought the clay-covered
diamond, and before they
were allowed another
turn at the stick the
visitors had run in tally
number one.

He waited there while Welch pitched four bad
ones to Hanlon, and then took second.

James O'Rourke hugged a fly sent him by
Beckley, and the runners were advanced a base
each by a passed ball.

Then a wild pitch of Mickey's allowed Sunday
to score and advanced Hanlon to third.

This was all for the moment, at any rate, for
Maul succumbed to strikes and Hatfield assisted
Miller's grounder to first. One run.

SECOND INNING—WARD THIEVES THIRD.
Ward was given his base by Staley. O'Rourke
followed him with a sweet hit to centre.

Ward made one of the prettiest steals of third
base ever seen, his cleverness eliciting much
enthusiasm.

Staley gave Whitney first, filling the bases.
Ward was forced at home on Welch's hit to
Smith. Both Ward and Welch being put out by
a neat double play.

Gore again filled the bases by a base on balls,
but Tiernan rendered run-getting impossible by
going out, Smith to Beckley. No runs.

IN THE FOG.
The wind had been steadily growing in force,
and to add to his discomfort it brought with it a
dense fog from seaward, which for a time drew
so thick that the outfielders could scarcely be
distinguished.

Dunlap lifted up a high fly to centre, and
though, owing to the fog, Gore slightly mis-
judged it, he nevertheless caught the ball, for
running backward, the youngest cot of them
all reached up his justly celebrated right hand
and took in the flying ball as easily as a child
snatches peanuts.

Kuehne hit a grounder over second which had
the appearance of safety; but Hatfield made a
brilliant stop and the ball reached first ahead of
the runner.

Smith also was a victim of O'Rourke's prowess.
No runs.

THIRD INNING—MISCHIEVOUS WILD THROWS.
Hatfield picked up his bat and smashed a
grounder just on the fair side of the first base
line.

Connor hit the ball hard, but it landed right
in Sunday's hands.

Brown hit the ball gently to second and went
out at first.

Hatfield, after clearing second bag, ran for
third and Beckley threw wild to catch him, so
hat trotted home, while Kuehne chased the ball
down an embankment.

Ward leathened the ball to Smith, who fumbled
badly and then threw wild to Beckley.

The ball went so far out of the way that Ward
danced along to third.

A minute later he leaped across the home plate
on a passed ball.

O'Rourke fell into the surren at first. Two
runs.

FOURTH INNING—WELCH'S BROTHERS GORE.
The fog came up from the sea and said
"Upo."

The visitors got a man as far as third, but
failed to connect with the plate.

Ward's exuberant fumble of Staley's grounder
gave the latter first, and Sunday's sacrifice out,
Whitney to Connor, advanced him to second.

Hanlon banged a line fly to Gore, and again
did the great outfielder pull down the ball with
one hand.

Owing to his lame shoulder, however, he
couldn't throw the ball out, so Staley gained
third on the out.

Beckley was the third out, his grounder being
fielded to first by Ward without a struggle. No
runs.

FIFTH INNING—SLICK AS GREASE.
Roger Connor planted himself near first base,
a striped jersey jacket about his manly shoul-
ders, to coach Whitney of the graceful black
moustache.

But the best Whitney could do was to send an
easy ball to Smith, who rifled it to first in short,
deciding to play safe.

Welch probably thought the sliders could not
see the ball, owing to the heavy sea fog, for he
planned a pretty fly to left, but Maul out for his
through the swirling mist and got his nippers
on the ball.

George Gore lammed a fly to centre and
changed his course from first towards the field
when he saw the sphere descending nicely into
Hanlon's sure paws. No runs.

SIXTH INNING—BUT NO AMUSING.
The fourth inning of the Smoky-Cityites
proved short but highly amusing.

Maul crashed a fast-moving grounder ball
to Hatfield, and he might just as well have hit
at all, for Gil snapped the sphere to first twenty
cent ahead of the runner.

Then big Bill Brown elongated himself until
he resembled the famous arrow shot into the
air, and when he got back to earth again he was
discovered that he brought back a foul fly hit by
Miller.

Dunlap sent a grounder to Welch, who grabbed
the ball in left hand and then, doubling
his body like a jack-knife half closed, with the
ball reached far in his hand. Mickey sprinted
to first and arrived there ahead of the runner,
midroads of laughter from the crowd. No runs.

FIFTH INNING—THE CRIPPLES ELANKED.
Tiernan ought to have known that a ball sent
near Shortstop Smith's territory would be
sabbed almost as surely as night follows day;
but when he saw the ball, and of course
Smith sent to Beckley before New York's right
fielder could reach the first bag.

Hatfield lammed the ball near Kuehne.
The Pittsburg third baseman picked it out
handily, but threw low to first. Beckley, how-
ever, made a Jim dandy little pick-up.

Connor swung his bat and the ball sailed
through the fog into the hands of Y. M. C. A.
Sunday, whom the fog did not miss. No runs.

A CONVENTIONAL OUTING.
The Pittsburg's half of the fifth was marked
only by a conventional one-two-three out order.
Kuehne's grounder was stopped and the ball
thrown to first by Welch.

Ward fielded well the ball rolled to him by
"Pop" Smith and Hatfield kept up a thousand
per cent record by taking excellent care of
Staley's bounder. No runs.

SIXTH INNING—A BOO QUICKLY LAID.
It did not take Gotham long to lay a great big
goose-egg.

Brown knocked a high fly to short right
field.

Sunday lammed himself and the famous
Smoky City sprinter "got there" in a manner
that brought forth howls of delight.

Ward whanged the ball over Staley's
head, but "that" Smith backed up Staley and
rifled the ball to first ahead of Our Own.

Hanlon sneaked out O'Rourke's high fly, and
to do it he had to patter down Kuehne's ex-
change like a hare before a fox-hound. No runs.

table Indian's, had arrived at third before the
ball was fielded.

Hanlon then hit safely to right, and Sunday
came home with the tying run.

A wild pitch allowed Hanlon to steal second,
and he went to third on Beckley's out at first.

Maul sent a grounder to right, and the latter
fumbled it long enough for Hanlon to score; but
John recovered the ball in time to nail Maul at
first.

Miller added one more to Hatfield's list of as-
sists. Two runs.

SEVENTH INNING—"WHILE THERE'S LIFE."
After Whitney had gone out, Smith to Beck-
ley, the smiling New York pitcher, little Mickey,
chickadee baby ball you ever saw.

Mickey was ungenerous, for he biffed that
slow, baby ball into just the right place, between
shortstop and third.

Gore and Tiernan both fled out, to the dis-
gust of the Gothamites on the benches, who
were yelling "The tie score!"

Gore knocked a great high fly which was
grabbed by the "only" Dunlap, and Tiernan
sent a fly to Maul, who made a neat catch. No
runs.

SUDDEN SNIFF.
Mickey Welch jumped in air and, grabbing a
high grounder shot from Dunlap's bat, retired
the latter at first.

Kuehne hit for one base to right, but tried to
make two bases on the hit and was subbed by
Tiernan's throw to Hatfield.

Whitney and Connor took care of Smith. No
runs.

EIGHTH INNING—O, DEAR!
Hatfield could not size up that twirling bit
of leather for a cent and fanned sea for till he was
sent to his seat.

Connor, as he had done all day, persisted in
sending a fly to the outfield.

Mr. Sabbath Day collared the ball.
Brown whanged the ball to Dunlap and was
retired at bag first. No runs.

Gore caught with his two hands Staley's high
flier, and Ward made a pretty squeeze of Sun-
day's pop fly.

Connor gathered in Hanlon's foul. No runs.
NINTH INNING.

Ward hit to Staley.
O'Rourke hit to infield and made firsts.
Whitney sent him to third by a hit to right.
Whitney was caught off second base.
Welch fled out to Hanlon. No runs.

SCORE BY INNINGS.
New York 1
Pittsburg 0
Runs—New York, 10; Pittsburg, 0.
Errors—New York, 3; Pittsburg, 4.

OTHER GAMES.
National League.
AT BOSTON.
Boston 0
Cleveland 0
Boston 0
Cleveland 0
Umpire—Messrs. Upton and Eversden.

AT PHILADELPHIA.
Philadelphia 0
Pittsburg 0
Philadelphia 0
Pittsburg 0
Umpire—Mr. McQuinn.

AT WASHINGTON.
Washington 0
Pittsburg 0
Washington 0
Pittsburg 0
Umpire—Mr. Barnard.

American Association.
AT CINCINNATI.
Cincinnati 0
Pittsburg 0
Cincinnati 0
Pittsburg 0
Umpire—Mr. Holland.

AT LOUISVILLE.
Louisville 0
Pittsburg 0
Louisville 0
Pittsburg 0
Umpire—Mr. Knight.

AT ST. LOUIS.
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NEAR THE WIND-UP.

The Girl Biologists Preparing for
Their Final Struggle.

Brown and Oaks Still Fighting for First
Place.

Both Passed Their 600th Mile at 4
O'Clock.

Those who visit Madison Square Garden
this afternoon or this evening will witness a
most remarkable and thrilling struggle for
supremacy between two comely females.

The forty-eight-hour bicycle race is draw-
ing to a close. For forty-one hours Jessie
Oaks, the dark-haired, dreamy-eyed English
lady, and Kitty Brown, her Pittsburg rival,
have led the other six fair wheelwomen in a
race for popular favor, New York shokals and
glory, but as between them it has been a
neck-and-neck affair from the start.

There have been frequent spurts between
these leaders and their big wheels have been
propelled at dangerous speed for many a
mile. But neither has succeeded in demon-
strating a better speed than the other.

By an accident Miss Brown lost one lap to
the part Britisher on Tuesday, and on Thurs-
day night the Smoky City maiden was caught
napping and Miss Oaks gained another lap
of the eighth-mile track.

At the close of the fortieth hour, at 1
o'clock this morning, there was but a quar-
ter of a mile between the two beauties,
though they had been struggling to outdo
each other in a race of 571 miles.

There are but seven hours left to the
races, and from 2 to 5 o'clock this afternoon
and 5 to 12 o'clock this evening there will be
a final struggle which will be well worth wit-
nessing.

The pace thus far has been nearly fourteen
miles an hour. This is not a bad thing, for
better than has ever been done before by fe-
males, but to-night's work will doubtless be
more rapid still.

The best female record is that of Lottie
Stanley, the Pittsburgh sprinter, who has been
in all through this race. She covered, 626 1/2
miles in forty-eight hours, and wears the
Police Gazette's championship medal. B-1 to-
night it will be won away from her, and a
new record will probably fifty miles better
than hers.

The attendance at the race has increased
with each succeeding day, and it seems now
assured that the girls will have at least \$5,000
to divide as their share of the race receipts.
Of this 33 per cent. will go to the winner and
30 per cent. to the second.

It is that difference of 13 per cent., or about
\$675, which the tall and lithe Yankee blonde
and the Lancashire brunette are contending
for.

If the girls will have a share in the divide,
even the sweet little Irish lass, Maggie Mc-
Shane, having already covered the 350 miles
necessary to entitle her to participate. She
is last and will get 1 per cent.

And the girls will get their money this
time. For the last race the riders were en-
gaged by their managers, and the money won
went to the latter, who pocketed all but a
few dollars. This time, Mr. O'Brien would
stand no nonsense and insisted on a con-
tract, whereby he was to pay the percentages
directly to the girls.

Charles Wendell, of the Madison Square
Hotel, is the stakeholder for the girls, and
the money will be divided Monday.

At the close of last night's run the score
was: Oaks, 600; Brown, 571; Armand, 544;
Brown, 517; Lewis, 506; Stanley, 464; Woods,
397; McShane, 353.

The three leaders came on the track this
afternoon at 2 o'clock looking almost as fresh
and bright as on the first day of the contest.

Miss Oaks passed the 600-mile mark at 3.59
o'clock, and such a pounding and yelling
went on that the crowd in the club-house
marks a moment later, and received a similar
round of applause.

At 4 o'clock the score was: Oaks, 600; 1.
Brown, 571; 2. Baldwin, 573; 3. Armand, 544;
4. Lewis, 506; 5. Stanley, 464; 6. Woods,
397; 7. McShane, 353.

At 5 o'clock the score stood: Oaks, 614; 1.
Brown, 577; 2. Baldwin, 598; 3. Armand, 557;
4. Lewis, 549; Stanley, 499; 6. Woods,
398; 7. McShane, 373.

At 6 o'clock the score stood: Oaks, 614; 1.
Brown, 577; 2. Baldwin, 598; 3. Armand, 557;
4. Lewis, 549; Stanley, 499; 6. Woods,
398; 7. McShane, 373.

At 7 o'clock the score stood: Oaks, 614; 1.
Brown, 577; 2. Baldwin, 598; 3. Armand, 557;
4. Lewis, 549; Stanley, 499; 6. Woods,
398; 7. McShane, 373.

At 8 o'clock the score stood: Oaks, 614; 1.
Brown, 577; 2. Baldwin, 598; 3. Armand, 557;
4. Lewis, 549; Stanley, 499; 6. Woods,
398; 7. McShane, 373.

At 9 o'clock the score stood: Oaks, 614; 1.
Brown, 577; 2. Baldwin, 598; 3. Armand, 557;
4. Lewis, 549; Stanley, 499; 6. Woods,
398; 7. McShane, 373.

At 10 o'clock the score stood: Oaks, 614; 1.
Brown, 577; 2. Baldwin, 598; 3. Armand, 557;
4. Lewis, 549; Stanley, 499; 6. Woods,
398; 7. McShane, 373.

At 11 o'clock the score stood: Oaks, 614; 1.
Brown, 577; 2. Baldwin, 598; 3. Armand, 557;
4. Lewis, 549; Stanley, 499;